

Halo: Final Onslaught
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Summary: The continuation of the war from Halo 2. This is the story of Halo 3.

Halo: Final Onslaught

A crimson clad elite stood gloriously affront a group of other elites. They looked to him proudly. Satisfaction in their eyes. The crimson elite stared down at them with a tired look in his eyes. He held a blue weapon in his hand. It glowed dimly.

To the side of the elite mass were two humans. A dark skinned male, and a light skinned female. The darker one kept giving the elites curious glances, the cigar in his mouth smoking. The female stared at the crimson elite intently. And all around them, a blue orb of light circled around. He floated, hummed to his self, seemingly oblivious to the rest.

"Come on Arby, let's get this started," the dark skinned human gestured.

"The Sacred Icon has been returned," the crimson elite started. "The Halo stopped from firing. Our lives have been spared, but at a great cost. The parasite is still lurking about. Brothers, we are at war! But not with the humans!"

"But Arbiter!" a blue covered elite stammered. He walked to the front of the crowd.

"I am no longer the Arbiter. I am not the hand of the Prophets! I am your brother, I am 'Orna 'Fulsamee. And the humans are not a threat. We share a common goal with them. We both plan to survive. We both want to keep the Halos from firing!" At this moment, snow began to fall. The white frozen water resting on the crimson elite's shoulders. He looked to his soldiers with prowess in his eyes.

"We are at war with the Hierarchs, with the Jiralhanae, and their

followers. They have taken our place in the council, our place in the Covenant. The Prophets have betrayed us, tricked us into killing ourselves. Come my brothers! We set out for High Charity. There, we engage in war! We will bring down this threat at its source! We will defeat the Jiralhanae, and then we will burn the parasite! We will win back our rightful place in the Covenant, even if it means Heresy!" 'Orna shouted.

The snow was falling heavily about them. The crowd cheered at his last remark. The dark skinned human shouted "Hoo-rah!" The elites fell silent as he did. They stared at him with confusion. But then 'Orna rose his gun, and also yelled, "Hoo-rah!" The other elites followed in his foot steps.

Up on the sentinel wall the crowd shouted with the tensions of war in the air. The snow falling at a heavy rate. The sounds of explosions in the back ground. A steady buzz rose. Off in the distance 'Orna saw drop ships coming. A static came over his radio link. On the other link came a familiar voice. The one of a friend, of the spec- ops leader. The one that he fought the heretics with.

"Arbiterâ€|" the Spec- ops leader started.

"No, I am not the Arbiter. I am 'Orna. As I was, and am. But what is your name? Or do you just want me to call you Half- Jaw?" 'Orna said in a joking matter.

A serious tone came over the leader, "You can just call me that 'Orna. I am now a heretic of the Covenant. My name no longer matters. Neither does yours. We are all heretics now. Everyone last of our brothers. All of us rebelling at High Charity. But that doesn't matter right now. Hurry up and get in the Phantoms. We must get back to the ship, and then to High Charity."

"Yes," 'Orna said, turning away from the arriving Phantoms. He turned to the humans. He had curious look in his eyes.

The dark sinned human looked at him with resentful eyes. "What do you want 'Orna?" he asked with emphasis on the name.

"Humans, what are your names? I wouldn't like you to call me Sangheilli all the time. I would want to be called by a name. So, what are your names?" 'Orna asked with intrest.

"I'm Keyes, Miranda Keyes. I'm a captain," the woman said quickly. She gave the male a nudge when he wouldn't talk.

"Look, I don't understand why you do half the things you do. But if you must know, you can call me Johnson," the male said taking the cigar out of his mouth.

"Well, Miranda and Johnson, we are heading for High Charity. Do you want to come with us, or head some where else?" 'Orna asked, taking a step back wards. The buzz of the Phantoms was loud. One hovered over top the three individuals.

"Well, the In Amber Clad is gone, and our forces are spread across the halo, and now are infected. So we'll go with you to High Charity. But when we get there, we'd like to take a ship with troops to Earth. That's where the Master Chief went. That's where Truth went," Miranda

said.

"Then it is decided," 'Orna said. His body was pulled upwards into blue light. He entered the Phantom. And after him Miranda and Johnson entered. Quickly the Phantoms pulled away from the Sentinel Wall. The loud buzzing going away as they entered the outer atmosphere slowly. Soon space was around them, and a capital ship ahead. They neared it slowly.

Off to the distant blue lights sparkled around High Charity. A civil war was at hand. It was being fought at that moment. Ships blasting away, firing plasma, destroying everything. And deep within High Charity, the Flood were spreading quickly.

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A small glow came from an unknown source. It was a few meters above the ground. A flashlight like glow. The light bounced around off the shiny metallic walls. The sound of metal clicking against metal sounded through the hallway. It was completely dark, except for the flashlight.

A scratching like noise ran through out the hallway. Suddenly light flooded the walkway. The green metal of the figure was shown. The helmet- mounted flashlight still on. It slowly faded off on its own. The figure held his arm up to the orange plate on the helmet.

He was shielding his eyes from the sudden light. His eyes quickly adjusted however. Not too far in front of him stood two other figures. They had ape like qualities to them. But they wore armor, and held red, rounded guns in their hands. They both were aiming for the green figure.

"The demon, on this ship?" one of them asked. He sounded confused and mad at the same time. He kept his aim though.

"Well, let's rid the Covenant of him!" the other commanded. He opened fired upon the green figure.

The red plasma bolts made impact with the green armor. A gold like energy field sprung around the figure. He dodged to his right, finding his self behind a pillar. He pressed a button on the gun he held. The red lit cartridge ejected, and he loaded a green one in. He turned around the pillar. The gold energy field came to him again.

The ape figures fired again. They missed him as he rolled to the ground. The figure fired the gun in his hands. A greenish yellow flash shot from the gun to one of the ape figures. More bolts shot out. The green figure kept firing. The ape figure being shot stumbled backwards. The armored man jumped up, running for the animal creatures. He hit one with the butt of his gun. It fell to the floor, purple blood spilling around his mouth. Sharp stained teeth poking out his lips.

The other creature looked with shock. He dropped his gun, and lowered his body. The armored man looked to him, the orange plate covering his emotions. The creature plowed forward, his shoulder ready to pummel the man. The armored man jumped, narrowly dodging the creature. He spun in the air, firing his weapon at the ape creature.

The creature started to move sluggishly. The armored man stepped forward as he landed. He was face to face with the ape creature.

"Finish the job demon. Do not leave me here for torture," the ape said with a glorious tone in his voice.

The armored man leaned in closer. His orange face plate in the ape creature's face. "Death would only satisfy you. Why should I make you happy when you took everything from me. The only thing I have left, is Earth," the armored man said. His deep voice acted like a spear, penetrating even the most resilient armor. He raised his fist, and pulled his head away. He landed a punch square in the ape creature's nose area. He fell back to the ground, a dribble of blood coming from his left nostril.

The armored man turned around. He ejected the red cartridge from the gun, and loaded another. "Lord Hood, what's the distance to Earth's atmosphere?" he asked into his communication link.

In his helmet he heard an older man talk to him. "Not that far. About five minutes until entry. Spartan 117, kill that Prophet, and anything that stands in your way."

"Yes sir," the man said into his helmet. He had a deep tone, one that could scare any man. He listened carefully, the sound of his boots clicking on the floor. It was all throughout the new hall way he was in.

End
file.